

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, September 1, 1804.

[No 120.]

## AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

(Concluded from page 370.)

**H**IS distracted friend, for some moments gazed on the fatal wound, which his rash hand had made, in dumb despair; then rising from the body, with frantic wildness, he snatched his sword, still reeking with the blood of his friend, and plunged it into his own breast.—He fell by the side of his Villars.

"By this time, two eminent surgeons were arrived, who had been called to the assistance of the unhappy Villars, who was now no more. On examining the colonel's wound, they pronounced it to be mortal, and that it was impossible he could live many hours.

"I thank thee, heaven, for this, said he, for life would be insupportable."

"The miserable colonel Denby, whose crime had proceeded from the most delicate regard for his sister's honor, remained no longer sensible than just to give orders to his servants that he might be interred by the side of his dear friend, in the family vault at Denby church. He then fell into violent agonies; and raving loudly on the name of Villars, expired.

A special messenger was immediately dispatched to the excellent Mrs. Den-

by: the morning of which day the lovely Harriet had been indulging herself with the most pleasing hopes that her lover would perhaps with her brother pay them a visit, and attend them in an excursion they were going to make into Berkshire: for in Villars's last letter in the fondness of his soul, he had told his bride elect, she must not be surprised if himself and his friend Denby should call upon her the Monday evening following; for that he had an hundred things to talk on, previous to the happy day.

"This pleasing intelligence Miss Denby told her mother, adding with a smile of satisfaction, 'I am convinced they will come this very evening: I have a kind of presentiment of this happy, unlooked-for visit.'

"What then were the agencies of the excellent mother, when the messenger arrived with the dreadful account!

"Happily Miss Denby was gone to spend a day with a lady in the next village, who unexpectedly pressed, and prevailed on her to stay all night: she was therefore not at home when the horrid intelligence arrived.

"Mrs. Denby, in agonies not to be described, took to her bed.—But," continued the good lady B.—"what pain do I give to your sensibility, my dear Emily, by this sad recital.

Do you think I did not weep, Caroline?—Indeed I did, I begged her to proceed.

"I will, she said, if my tears will permit me to relate this melancholy tale.

"Mrs. Denby, in the midst of her poignant anguish, thought the circumstance of her daughter, being then absent, was fortunate; as she could gain time to consider in what manner this dreadful event could be best imparted to her. The miserable mother wished if possible, that Harriet might stay with her friend till the melancholy interment was over, provided it could be kept secret from her."

"She accordingly dispatched a messenger to acquaint her that she would in a day or two, send the chariot to fetch her home, as the weather was too hot for walking. She likewise by letter acquainted the lady of the dreadful event, with an earnest desire that her daughter's stay there might be a few days longer, till the melancholy solemnity was past, and that it might be kept from her, a profound secret. But most unfortunately (as servants in great families are often too negligent in obeying the commands of their superiors) the fellow loitered till the evening before he set out with the letter to the lady."

"In the mean time, Miss Denby, who was extremely fond of walking,



and as the distance from her mother's seat was only a short mile, was already set out on her return home.

"Nothing could exceed the beauty of the evening, which was after a warm day, in the sweet month of June.

"Harriet sauntered through the meadows, which were covered with flowers, whilst not a bud or blossom but attracted her admiration of that Being who so lavishly spreads the face of nature with such a profusion of delights for discontented mortals.

"Sometimes she listened to the soft notes of the plaintive nightingale, or moaning stock-dove; and often she indulged ideas of tenderness, in contemplating on her beloved Villars.

"Soon, said she to herself, we shall together admire these astonishing works of the great Creator:—together we shall walk the mountain's brow, or inhale the breathing perfume of yonder blooming beans. Whilst leaning on his arm, he will, as we walk, explain and point out those beauties of nature, with which my inexperienced years are yet unacquainted."

"Full of these pleasing reflections, she was now arrived at a small wilderness, which joined to the gardens at Denby hall.—This little wood was a most favorite spot of this amiable young lady; she had walked there constantly with her beloved Villars; she had with her own hands, planted a great variety of flowering shrubs, which were now in their highest bloom; and in this enchanting retreat, she had a small romantic building, made of roots of trees, and covered with moss and ivy, which she called the hermitage; over the door of which was wrote in Gothic characters,

"Within this moss-grown roof, this humble cell,  
"Sweet liberty, content, and virtue dwell."

"Hitherto Miss Denby often retired to amuse herself with reading; and in this sweet retreat, she kept a small Theorbo-lute, from which she drew the most exquisite sounds.

"As she always herself kept the key of the gate of the wilderness (which was likewise a part of the garden) she now, in her return home that evening, with-

out going into the house at Denby hall, opened the little gate which led to the road, and went to her favorite spot, the hermitage. She took up her lute, and seating herself under a large oak, from whence she had a full view of the road, she began playing a favorite air of her beloved Villars.

"This is the evening (said she) in which he told me I might expect to see him and my brother.—Happily, those amiable and dear friends may soon arrive.—I will, however, beguile the tedious moments, till their wished arrival.—Ah! did I not hear the distant sound of their carriage wheels?—the trampling of horses?—Let me fly to meet the two most amiable of men!"

"Saying this, she flung down her lute, and ran away with the lightning's speed to the gate which fronted the road.

"Alas! it was, indeed, the two dear friends!—Two hearses now appeared, adorned with white feathers; and a train of mournful servants following.

"Oh! Emily (continued lady B., bursting into tears) I cannot proceed! guess the fatal rest:—the dreadful consequences on the mind of the poor Harriet Denby you are too well acquainted with."

Caroline, do not wonder at this large blot, it is an unforced tear, dropt as a tribute due to so unhappy a catastrophe.

To this mournful tale, I can only add, that I am,

Ever yours,

EMILY.

(From the Monthly Mirror.)

#### AFFECTATION IN FEMALE DRESS.

THE amiable Dr. Granger has, in his "Biographical History of England," at the end of each reign, given a brief account of the habits most generally worn during that period: a future writer, endeavoring to follow the steps of Granger, would find no small difficulty in describing the dresses worn in the reign of George the III, when fashion varies with the wind.

The habits of the ladies have been, in times past, considered of sufficient importance to call for the notice and interposition of the legislature. In the reign of James the II. of Scotland, about the year 1460 it was ordered "that na woman come to kirk nor mercat, (i. e. to places of public resort) with her face *mussaled* or covered, that sche may not be kend." Notwithstanding this act of parliament to the contrary, the ladies continued *mussaled* or *muzzled* during three reigns. In the days of James the V. Sir David Lindsay thus censures them, in a poem entitled, "A Supplication directet from Sir David Lindesay, of the Mont. Knicht, to the Kingis Grace, in Contemplatioun of syde Taillis.")

—Quhen they go to quyet places,  
I them excuse to hide their faces;  
Quhen they wald make collatioun,  
With *onie* lustle companioun:  
Bot in the kirk and market-places,  
I think they suld not *hide* their faces.

He therefore advises the king to issue a proclamation,

Both throw the land, and borrow stonis,  
To schaw thair face, and cut thair gownis:

He adds, that this is quite contrary to the custom of the French ladies.

Hails ane France lady when ye pleis,  
Scho will discover mouth and neis.

*Muzzled faces, at market*, are not at all uncommon in these days. The same statute that prohibited the wearing veils, contracted, also, the enormous excrescence of female trains; "that na woman wear tails anft in length:" to this exuberance, Dunbar, another Scotch poet, alludes in the following line:

And sic fowill tailis to sweep the calsay clene.

The legislature has not determined what tails were *fit in length*; but this we may collect from a papal mandate, issued in Germany, in the fourteenth century. It is decreed, that the apparel of women, which ought to be *consistent with modesty*, but now, through their foolishness, is degenerated into wantonness and extravagance; more particularly the immoderate length of their petticoats, with which they sweep the ground, be restrained to a moderate fashion, agreeably to the decency of the sex, under pain of excommunication." The orthodoxy of petticoats is not precisely ascertained in this salutary edict; but



as it excommunicates those female tails that *sweep the kirk and causey clene*, and allows such a moderate length to the petticoat, as is compatible with female delicacy, it may be concluded that the ladies who covered their feet, were looked upon as laudable conformists: an inch or two less would have been avowed immodesty; and an inch or two more, an affectation bordering upon heresy. What good effects followed this ecclesiastical censure, is not known: certain it is, however, that the Scottish act of parliament against *long tails*, was equally fruitless with that against *muzzling*. Sir David Lindsay, in the poem before cited, reprobates the length of female tails.

Quhare ever they go it may be sene  
How kirk and causey thay suepe clene.

He adds,

They waist more claith within few yeiries,  
Than wald claith many score of freiris.

But these capricious vanities were not confined to Scotland alone. In England; as we are informed by several antiquaries, the women of quality first wore trains in the reign of Richard the II. a novelty which induced a well-meaning divine of those times, to write a tract, "*Contra Caudas dominarum*," against the tails of the ladies. As an apology, however, for the English ladies, in adopting this fashion, we should, in justice, remember, as was the case of the Scotch, that it was countenanced by Richard's queen, Anne; a lady not less enterprising than successful in her attacks on established forms: and whose authority and example were sufficiently powerful to abolish, even in defiance of France, the safe, com. modious, and natural mode of riding on horseback, hitherto practised by the ladies of England, and to introduce side-saddles.\* It is probable the satire of Sir David Lyndsay, effected more than the ecclesiastical censure—whether it operated so far as to occasion the opposite extreme which followed, it is impossible to say. The custom of going thinly clad, was thus severely reprobated by a Scotch minister—"About the year 1698, the women got a custome of wearing few garments: I myself have seen the young brisk ladies walking the streets, with masks on their faces, and one onlie thin petticoat and

their smock; so thin that one would make a conscience of sweiring they were not naked."†

"All novelty is but oblivion."—That which was fashionable at the close of the seventeenth century, is now, at the end of the eighteenth—nor is the same dress less immodest at present, than it was at that period: the impropriety and indecency of it has been censured, but the evil is not removed: those who make man their study, know the influence the habits and manners of women have upon society; and it is only by preserving their great characteristic, *modesty*, they can preserve that superiority, and respect to which they are entitled. *The women should remember the imagination is a busy power*: unhappy consequences are not unfrequently the effects of impropriety in dress, which inevitably fill life with the stings of sorrow and unavailing remorse: we are not all Platonists, therefore "lead us not into temptation."

There is, in dress, a medium above negligence, and below affectation, where Propriety resides; and which those who are wise will always observe and adopt. Anecdotes of dress are curious and amusing, "it has been my humble office to collect a few scattered sweets," and I trust they will be received with the kindness of the intent. The subject is by no means exhausted; but, knowing how many corners and hints claim a place in the "Museum," we are better able to amuse and instruct. We shall finish this subject here, with a few lines from an author of learning and judgment.

Soft: and o'er female failings lightly pass;  
And may \*Aglais lead them to their glars:  
Connubial gloves rising o'er their head,  
As life's domestic happier stage they tread;  
There may they look, well pleas'd themselves to find  
The guardians, comforts, teachers of mankind.

*Pursuits of Literature, Dial, 2nd.*

I am, &c.

OCTAVIUS.

† Pinckerton's Scot Ballads, vol. 1, page 121, notes.

\* One of the graces. She dictated to Mr. Pope the following lines.

"Let not each beauty every where be spied,  
"Where half the skill is decently to hide"

## FRENCH TRIAL.

(From the Journal des Tribunaux.)

JACQUES NOTTIER, an invalid, aged 25, having lost his right leg in the service of the Republic, appeared on the 16th Ventose, before the Criminal Tribunal of the Department of the Seine, accused of having married with-in these last eight months, three different women, Maria Dabaud, Maria Bertrand, and Louisa Perani, who were all present, and proved their acts of marriage, before the 2d, 4th, and 9th Municipalities of Paris. During the trial it came out, that the prisoner had made it for years a regular practice to marry a wife wherever he went with his regiment: and to the knowledge of his own brother he had already fourteen French wives alive, besides one Italian, one Swiss, and two Dutch women who had been married to him in those countries, when in garrison, or encamped there. Before he was eighteen he had been divorced, according to the laws of the Republic, from five wives, not included in the above number, by whom he had six children; and the three wives now before the tribunal all declared themselves to be in a state of pregnancy by him. Being asked by the Public Accuser if he had many children with the other women not present, though known to be married to him? he answered very coolly, "I had at least one with each woman, and I believe that I have as many children alive as I can count years." He offered to give the names and places of residence of as many wives as he could remember to have married; and gave in the names of eleven in eleven different Departments. To gain time to enquire after these women, the Commissary of government proposed, and the tribunal consented, to put off this trial until the 6th of Germinal, on which day, eight of those women, each with a child, came before the tribunal, and identified their faithless husband, who had the impudence to declare, that if he had been Grand Sultan, he should have kept them all in his seraglio, as he loved them all with the same affection. After a trial of three hours he was found guilty of *Polygamy*, and condemned to be punished with a *fortnight's* imprisonment, and to regard Annamarois, whom he had married nine years ago, as his only wife. To this he refused to assent, saying, that instead of punishment, he

\* See Ancient Scottish Poems, 1770; and War-ton's His. Poetry, Vol. 2d.



deserved a reward; and that many persons had been made members of the Legion of Honor, for less patriotic deeds than his, and that he intended to petition to the First Consul for obtaining permission to choose his own wife, among his own wives.

### AN INSTANCE OF STRONG SUPERSTITIOUS CREDULITY.

*Said to be an authentic fact.*

A WIDOW lately at Paris, aged about 63, who lodged in a two pair of stairs floor, in the Rue de la Ferronnerie, with only a maid servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day before the altar dedicated to St. Paul in a neighboring church. Some villains observing her extreme bigotry, resolved as she was known to be very rich to share her wealth. One of them accordingly, took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the altar, and when no person but the old lady was there, in the dusk of the evening, he contrived to throw a letter just before her. She took it up, and not perceiving any one near, supposed it came by a miracle. In this she was the more confirmed, when she saw it signed, Paul the Apostle, expressing the satisfaction he received by her prayers addressed to him, when so many newly canonized saints engrossed the devotion of the world, and robbed the primitive saints of their wonted adoration; and, to show his regard for the devotee, he promised to come from heaven, with the angel Gabriel, and sup with her at eight in the evening. It seems scarcely credible that any one could be deceived by so gross a fraud; yet to what length of credulity will not superstition carry a weak mind? The infatuated lady believed the whole; and rose from her knees in transport, to prepare an entertainment for her heavenly guests.

The supper being bespoke, and the side board set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate, worth about 400*l.* did not make so elegant an appearance as might be wished; and therefore sent to her brother, a Counsellor in the Parliament of Paris, to borrow all his plate. The maid, however, was charged not to disclose the occasion; but only to say that she had com-

pany to supper, and would be obliged to him if he would lend his plate for that evening.

The Counsellor, surprised at the application, well knowing his sister's frugal life, began to suspect that she was enamoured of some fortune-hunter, who might marry her, and thus deprive his family of what he expected at his sister's death. He therefore, positively refused to send the plate, unless the maid would tell him what guests were expected. The girl, alarmed for her mistress's honor, declared that her pious lady had no thoughts of a husband; but St. Paul having sent her a letter from Heaven, promising that he and the angel Gabriel would sup with her, she wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as possible.

The counsellor immediately suspected that some villains had imposed on her; and sending the maid with the plate proceeded directly to the commissary of that quarter. On the magistrates going with him to a house adjoining, they saw, just before eight o'clock, a tall man, dressed in long vestments with a white beard, and a young man in white with large wings at his shoulders, alight from a hackney coach, and go up to his sister's apartments.

The Commissary immediately ordered twelve of the police guards to post themselves on the stairs, while he knocked at the door, and desired admittance. The lady replied, that she had company; and could not speak to any one. But the Commissary answered, that he must come in, for that he was St. Peter, and had come to ask St. Paul and the angel Gabriel how they came out of heaven without his knowledge. The divine visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more saints to join them; but the lady overjoyed at having so great an Apostle with her, ran eagerly to the door, when the Commissary, her brother, and the police guards rushed in, presented their muskets, seized her guests and conducted them to prison.

On searching the criminals, two cords, a razor, and a pistol, were found in St. Paul's pocket, and a gag in that of the angel Gabriel. Three days after, the trial came; when they pleaded in their defence, that one was a soldier in the

French infantry, and the other a barber's apprentice—that they had no other design than to procure a good supper at the widow's expense—that it being Carnival time, they had borrowed these dresses, and the soldier having picked up the two cords, put them into his pocket—that the razor was that with which he constantly shaved himself—that the pistol was to defend them from any insults to which their strange habits might expose them in going home—and that the barber's apprentice, whose master was a tooth-drawer, merely had the gag which they sometimes used in their business. These excuses, frivolous as they were, proved of some avail; and as they had manifested no evil design by any overt act, they were both acquitted.

But the counsellor, who foresaw what might happen, through the defect of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner, therefore, were they discharged from the civil power, than the appariter of the Archbishop of Paris immediately seized them, and conveyed them to the ecclesiastical prison. In three days more they were tried and convicted of a most scandalous profanation, by assuming to themselves the names, characters, and appearances of a holy Apostle and a blessed Angel, with intent to deceive a pious and well-meaning woman, and to the scandal of religion. They were accordingly condemned to be publicly whipped, burnt on the shoulder with a hot iron, and sent to the galleys for fourteen years. A sentence which was in a few days put in execution.

*The following inside view of a Lady's thread case, may probably amuse some of our readers; and possibly may be the means of exciting some of the females to overhaul their own, lest, at some unlucky moment, they meet the fate of the one described.—The advertisement is copied from a late Connecticut paper.*

[West. Star.]

### "FOUND."

"IN the Main-street, in this city, a thread case, containing a small sum of money, besides a complication of articles—such as, silk, calico patches, a little snarl of thread, &c. a love letter, couched in terms of high commendation



of the beauty, and attractive charms of the *Fair Addressed*—at the same time, in a sympathetic strain, bewailing at her cruel treatment—this letter also contains a *lock of hair*; several poetical pieces, cut from newspapers; a curiously twisted silken knot, wrought, no doubt, by some visionary goddess or votress of Cupid—or, more likely, the *cruel fair one*, complained of in the letter, relented and intended this *love token* as a return for the *lock of hair*—which, out of pity to the *love sick swain*, we hope was the case; with many other articles—the whole comprising the usual collection to be found in a lady's thread case, being a little bit of every thing. The owner may have it, by proving properly, and paying for this advertisement."

### SELECTED TOASTS.

*Drank at the last ANNIVERSARY of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, in different parts of the UNION.*

**T**HE *Fair*. The last and most finished ornament of creation—may their virtues never want protection.

The *Fair Daughters of Columbia*. Who excite and reward our noblest actions, and who like the flower of an army, are brought last into the field.

The *American Fair*. May their arms protect us in adversity, and their consolations prove the antidote of care.

The *Daughters of Columbia*. May they ever wear the robes of modesty, and select their ornaments from the casket of virtue.

The *Fair*. Our arms their protection, our laurels their smiles.

The *American Fair*. The companions of freemen—may a virtuous progeny be their greatest ornament.

The *Fair Sex*. "Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all—entangling alliances with none."

The *American Fair*. May their virtues outshine the daughters of the east; from the sullies of which may the injury done to society thereby, retort with tenfold velocity on their devoted heads.

The *Fair and chaste Daughters of America*. May they embrace those only who are always ready to deserve well of their country.

The *American Fair*. May no tears but those of tenderness ever tremble in their eyes; may their bosoms never beat but with joyful agitation.

The *Fair Daughters of America*. May they never be taught that modesty is only a refinement in voluptuousness.

The *American Fair*. May they ever find a citadel for the protection and defence of virtue in the arms of citizen soldiers.

The *Fair*. May they adorn the sceptre of virtue with their graces, and spurn from their embraces the libertine, the traitor, and the despot.

The *American Fair*. With the talents of a *Wolstoncraft*, may they ever display the bland and fixed qualities of a *Lucretia*.

The *Fair Sex*. Mothers of heroes, sisters of statesmen and warriors, the loveliest and best companions in times of peace and happiness.

The *American Fair*. But for you our citizens would all be freemen.

The *Fair of America*. The choicest gift of heaven to grateful man.

The *American Fair*. Chaste in sentiment, the brightest jewels in the Columbian cabinet.

The *Fair of Carolina*. Not inferior in patriotism to those of *Sparta*!

### ON PROMISES.

**Q**UESTION—In what sense are promises to be interpreted?

Where the terms of a promise admit of more senses than one, the promise is to be performed in that sense, in which the promiser apprehended, at the time that the promisee received it.

*Temures* promised the garrison of *Sebastia*, that if they would surrender, "no blood should be shed." The garrison surrendered, and *Temures* buried them

all alive. Now *Temures* fulfilled his promise in one sense, and in the sense in which he intended it, but not in the sense in which the garrison received it, nor in the sense in which he knew that they received it; which last was the sense in which he was in conscience bound to have performed it.

Obligation depends on the expectations which we knowingly and voluntarily excite. Consequently, any action or conduct, towards another, which we are sensible excites expectations in that other, is as much a promise, and creates as strict an obligation as the most express assurances.

PALEY.

### COMMUNICATION.

(From the *Baltimore American*.)

**T**HIS season of the year being extremely fatal to children, as such numbers of them have been swept away by the flux and cholera, or vomiting and purging, has induced me to solicit the publication of the following remedy for the cure of the above disease:—Oil of Pennyroyal, two drops to a table spoonful of molasses, syrup or honey, after being well stirred up let one tea spoonful be administered every hour until it has the desired effect, which from experience, I can with safety assure the public, will be found in every case of the above disorder to be a speedy and certain cure. For a grown person the dose may be doubled, and given in the same manner.

An Old Lady.

(From a *London Magazine*.)

### ANECDOTE.

**S**OME officers of the army who had served during the American war, walking in the park, dressed in their regimentals, met a man deformed by a hunch on his back, when one of them jocularly clapping his hand thereon, exclaimed, "What have you got here friend?" To which the other, with a countenance expressive of the insult, replied, "Bunker's Hill—Damn your red coat."



## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, September 1, 1804.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 67 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION, 8—flux 28—dysentary 5—fits 4—small pox 4—hives 2—sprue 2—apoplexy 1—disease of the cheek 1—cholera morbus 1—dropsy 1—drowned 1—intermittent fever 1—remittent bilious fever 1—jaundice 1—old age 1—pleurisy 1—sudden 1—teething 1—typhus 1—remittent fever 1.

10 of these were men—14 women—23 boys—and 20 girls—

Of the whole number 33 were under the age of 2 years—7 between 2 and 5 3 between 10 and 20—4 between 20 and 30—7 between 30 and 40—7 between 40 and 50—2 between 50 and 60—2 between 60 and 70—1 between 70 and 80—and 1 between 90 and 100—

### ACCIDENT.

The tragedy of the *Revenge* was performed at Liverpool on the 23d June. The character of Alonzo was sustained by Mr. Barrymore, and that of Zanga by Mr. Cooper; Mrs. Aicken performed Leonora. In the last scene of the play, where Alonzo stabs himself with the dagger which he had previously wrested from Zanga, poor Barrymore, realized the scene. It was a real African dagger, a favorite of Mr. Cooper, and the same which he always used in acting Zanga. Mr. Barrymore not aware of this, struck himself violently with this dreadful weapon, and instantly fell upon the stage. As he lay upon the stage, he called softly for help, saying, "I am wounded.—It is a real dagger." For a few seconds the performers stood motionless from terror. At length some one cried out, "Drop the curtain," and an alarm was excited.—Some ran from the house, others flew to the stage to gratify their curiosity.—Among these were two medical gentlemen, who gave thier assistance. Upon

examination they found that the dagger took a slanting direction across the lower ribs, which it passed over, and lodged in his belly, in which it inflicted a wound of about an inch. He lost a great deal of blood. It flowed over the stage, after which, he was carried home, faint with the loss of blood.

This morning I called at his lodgings, in company with a gentleman of the theatre, but the surgeons had ordered that no one should be permitted to see him. We were told, however, that no feverish symptoms had manifested themselves, and that he is not considered in danger.

*Lon. post.*

Died, at her house in St. Peter's-street, Canterbury, aged 70, Mrs. Celestina Collins, widow. Although possessing an income of 70l. per annum, her habits of life were singularly disgusting, and her disposition and peculiarities so eccentric, that she may be truly said to have verified the old adage, "*de gustibus nil disputandum.*" During many years her constant companions were from 16 to 23 fowls, whose ordure defiled as well her bed and every article of her furniture as the plate of which she ate. A favorite cock, whose age might be calculated from his spurs being three inches long, and an equally-favored rat, were, for a length of time constant attendants on her table, each partaking of the fragments which even her penury shared with them; till one day the rat, not preserving due decorum towards its rival, met his death from the hands of his mistress. Her predilection for vermin prevailed so much, that, at her death, a nest of mice was found in her bed. The house where she resided, besides the room in which she constantly lived and slept, contained 2 others that had not been permitted to be opened for many years. Among her bequests in her will are, 50l. to the Kent and Canterbury hospitals; the same sum to the parish of St. Peter; 5l. to the minister of the parish for a funeral sermon; and one guinea to each of the persons who should carry her to the grave; besides many other legacies, generally to persons in no degree related to her.

### LONDON FASHIONS. FOR JULY.

*Walking dresses*—Dress of white muslin, made high round the neck, with a lace frill. A large shawl of fawn color, embroidered lilac border. A large Obi bar of lilac crape or muslin. A round dress of clear white muslin over blue silk; full long sleeves confined with medallions. Habit shirt of fine lace or muslin. A large gipsy hat of white chip, ornamented with a wreath of flowers. A drees of white muslin, the back made full and very low. a scarf of plain leno, fastened on the left shoulder. A gipsy hat of white muslin, with a flower in front.

*Full dress*—A full dress of sprigged muslin over a silkslip, short sleeves of lace. A cap of white lace over silk.—White ostrich feathers. White gloves. A round dress of fine muslin, with a drapery of the same, trimmed all round with Vandyke satin; a plain sleeve with a cuff, lace tucker. Cap of white lace and green satin, with a bunch of roses in front. Green shoes; white gloves.

*General observations*—The prevailing colors are blue, green, buff, lilac, yellow. Gypsey or Obi hats, ornamented with feathers or flowers, are much worn, long scarf cloaks lined with colored silk, and trimmed on the neck with lace, are very prevalent. The dresses are generally trimmed with lace, and worn over colored sarsnet.

### PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The straw hats now worn by our ladies are in the form of an Imperial crown, and are called a la Josephine.—In the park of St. Cloud and in the Thuilleries garden, they are very numerous. No veils, but a broad Brussels lace is fastened to them so as to conceal half the face. The coat of a petit maitre is either black, blue or grey, very short and narrow behind. A full dressed courtier, with a sword and bag, wears the coat rather longer, but the hat smaller than formerly.

Many of our readers are perhaps unacquainted with the degree of refinement to which the sports of the English have



attained. Their bull-baiting, cock-fighting and boxing matches are surpassed by a species of *diversion* of which we confess we have till now been ignorant,—we allude to *grinning-matches*! A London paper of June 18, gives us the particulars of a grinning match, which had taken place near Bridlington, for a quantity of tobacco. There were three competitors for the prize, all of whom were speedily seized with the most painful symptoms, in consequence of the most violent contortions, and two of them died in three days, and the other soon after. The father of the third, on going to visit him, was so shocked with his appearance, that he took to his bed, and never rose again!!!

The rigid moralist may affect to frown upon a *diversion* which goes to deprive his fellow man of life—but a correspondent thinks, that when under *proper regulations*, this new way of killing men may be made to produce the happiest effects in our own *unpolished* country. His plan is, that it should be substituted in the place of duelling, to decide *affairs of honor*! 'Tis true, on first thought it does not seem quite so *genteel* to die by grinning as to be shot; but custom overcomes the strongest prejudices—and then what a saving of powder and ball! And besides all this, grinning has the advantage over duelling, that as in the latter but one of the parties is seldom killed, and sometimes neither, the example before us gives us reason to hope, that in the former each party might be gratified with seeing his antagonist grinning his last ghastly smile!

[Plebeian.]



### Married,

On Sunday evening Mr. Henry Chace, to Miss Margaret Grainger, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Burnell Brown, to Miss Holden, both of this city.

Same evening, Mr. John Wade, druggist, to Miss Phoebe Riker, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Wm. Purviss jun. to Miss Ellen Hughes, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Simon Myers, to Miss Deborah Solomon, both of this city.

On Saturday evening August 18, Capt. Charles Dayton, of Hudson, to Miss Jackson, of New-London.



### Died,

On Friday evening Mr. Thomas I. Barry.

At Teneriffe, of a decline, on the 19th of July, in the 18th year of his age, Mr. Wm. Temple Smith, son of Paschal N. Smith, merchant of this city.

On Wednesday, after a short illness, at the house of her father, Mr. James Stewart, Mrs. Newby, wife of Mr. Newby, of the house of Joshua Waddington and Co.

At Paris, Mr. Nauche, President of the Galvanic Society: he fell a victim to his thirst for the sciences, being burnt to death by a bottle of Phosphorus which he used for his experiments.

In England, Mr. Newton, aged 74 years; he was accidentally killed by his son who was beating his wife, when his father interfered.

### VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,  
"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine,

the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

### W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

### ANTHONY LA TOUR'S

### Register and Intelligence OFFICE

Has removed from No. 20, Broad-Street, to No. 29 Chatham-Roe, Second Door above the Theatre; where families or single gentlemen upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description, Merchants with Clerks, Mechanics with journeymen;—Also, Servants, Apprentices, Journeyman, Mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places—such as,

Clerks,  
Apprentices,  
Farmers,  
Gardeners,  
Coachmen,  
Footmen,  
Cooks and } on board  
Stewards } Vessels,

Laborers, &c.  
House-keepers,  
Wet Nurses,  
Dry Nurses,  
Seamstresses,  
Chamber-Maids,  
Women cooks, &c.



## THE VISITOR.



## SONG.

THE shadows of eve 'gan to steal o'er the plain ;  
To Eliza my heart I confess'd :  
Leave sanction'd the moment—she smil'd on my  
pain—  
On her lip a soft kiss I impress'd.  
I saw her warm cheek like heav'n's canopy glow,  
When Aurora empurples the morn :  
She loves me! Oh, Heav'n! let me never forego  
The faith on her lips I have sworn.

This bosom, tho' fervid with youth and with health,  
In all else shall persuasion controul ;  
Bid me fly from the charms of ambition and wealth,  
Or the joys of the bright sparkling bowl !  
But, Eliza! dear maid! till in earth I'm laid low,  
In my heart shall her image be home :  
While she loves me, by heav'n! I will never forego  
The faith on her lips I have sworn.

## THE PILGRIM.

By Mrs. Radcliffe.

SLOW o'er the Apennine, with bleeding feet,  
A patient pilgrim wound his lonely way,  
To deck the lady of Loreto's seat,  
With all the little wealth his zeal could pay.  
From mountain-tops cold, died the evening ray,  
An stretch'd in twilight, slept the vale below ;  
And now the last, last purple streaks of day  
Along the melancholy West fade slow.  
High o'er his head, the restless pines complain,  
As on their summit rolls the breeze of night ;  
Beneath, the hoarse stream chides the rocks in vain ;  
The pilgrim pauses on the dizzy height.  
Then to the vale his cautious step he prest,  
For there a hermit's cross was dimly seen,  
Cresting the rock, and there his limbs might rest,  
Cheer'd in the good man's cave, by faggots sheen,  
On leafy beds, nor guile his sleep molest.  
Unhappy Luke! he trusts a treacherous clue!  
Behind the cliff the lurking robber stood ;  
No friendly moon his giant shadow threw  
Athwart the road, to save the pilgrim's blood ;  
On as he went a vesper-hymn he sang,  
The hymn, that nightly sooth'd him to repose,  
Fierce on his harmless prey the ruffian sprang!  
The pilgrim bleeds to death, his eye-lids close ;  
Yet his meek spirit knew no vengeful care,  
But, dying, for his murderer breath'd—a sainted  
prayer.

Sung by a party of Ladies, on the last  
Anniversary of our Independence.

[The Ladies of Pittsfield, in Massachu-  
setts, with a number from the adjacent  
towns whose hearts vibrated with joy  
on the anniversary of our national  
birth-day, assembled towards evening  
under the shade of an elegant arbor,  
where a delicious repast was provided.  
Friendship and Festivity presided at the  
table; Beauty charmed the eye, and  
"concord of sweet sounds" delighted  
the ear. The following lines, writtten  
for the Ladies of the tea-party, were  
sung by them on the occasion.]

HAIL the day so highly blest ;  
Welcome, every friendly guest,  
To this enchanted grove ;  
Sacred source of all our joys !  
Gratitude our song employs,  
We celebrate thy love.

Peace encircles us around,  
Health and CHARITY abound,  
Their cheerful train unite ;  
Taste the blessings—share the feast,  
Every social power encreat'd,  
Ensures us pure delight.

Zephyrs, breathing thro' the trees,  
Wait our voices on the breeze  
To hostile shores afar !  
Captivate ambition's rage !  
Thirst for human blood assuage !  
And hush the plagues of War!

Heaven approves! all earth attend,  
To Columbia's daughters lend  
The kind, indulgent ear ;  
Learn of them, and seek, and prove,  
Sweets of INNOCENCE and Love,  
To crown your blessings here.

## INNOCENCE.

EVE, in her innocence, could not be blam'd  
Because, going naked she was not asham'd ;  
Whoe'er view the ladies, as ladies now dress,  
That again they grow innocent sure will confess.  
And that artfully too they retabate the evil—  
By the devil once tempted, they now tempt the devil.

## EPIGRAM.

RICH Timon's board displays the best,  
And Carlos (made a welcome guest,)  
Thro' vanity is apt to boast,  
It is his wit that rules the roast ;  
Tis Timon's roast that rules the wit.

## N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from Lon-  
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder  
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,  
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,  
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-  
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening  
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is  
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with  
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or  
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair  
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.  
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-  
maturns, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with  
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness  
and chaps, leaves them quitesmooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all  
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and  
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the  
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had  
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the  
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far  
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and  
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold  
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

## WHAITES &amp; CHARTERS.

## PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,  
Have for sale elegant additional-sept patent Piano  
Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to  
any that have been imported, as they are made after  
the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and  
the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often  
as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange.  
Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with  
neatness and accuracy.

## TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers  
for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has  
every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soli-  
citing also the patronage of the public, informs, that  
he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street  
where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A  
Tutorless will attend in said School for the purpose of  
teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work.  
The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to la-  
dies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particular-  
ly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish  
them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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